

**JUNE  
1915**



**MTAS  
BOOSTER**



**SENIOR  
ISSUE**

Catherine Ball. Lesson Number 82

W. F. H. S.





Robert Whipkus' Athletics  
 Sidney Aronson, Asst. Editor  
 Charlotte Jacobs, Art

Halford Udell, Science  
 Helene Sawyer, Magazine  
 Ruth Jasper, Academic

Robert Barnhill, Editor

### To the Ivy.

True to the custom of Manual lore,  
Of the many classes gone before,  
Faithful to rule, to her teachings  
loyal,

We plant thee deep in her sacred soil.

Grow, O Ivy, strong and high,  
And the lives of all of us typify,  
Unfold to us from thy tender leaves,  
As a magic teacher who spins and  
weaves,

The woof, the warp, perfection blent,  
To the finished mission of God's in-  
tent.

We plant thee, Ivy, with love and  
hope,  
Faith in the future, with the world to  
cope.

Lift up thy head, expand and grow,  
As classes come and classes go.  
Fill thy place on this honored wall,  
An inspiration and a joy to all.

Teach us endurance through storm  
and strife,

For thou art emblem of a faithful life.  
Cling to Manual's weathered walls,  
Let us revere her hallowed halls.

And as thine, secure in thy lofty  
height,  
May our view of life be clear and  
bright.

'Tis not by story or metered rhyme,  
We climb the wall to the heights sub-  
lime,

But striving with constant effort, we  
In emulation turn to thee;  
To learn from thee the thought, Excel,  
To grasp our mission, to fill it well.

We dedicate thee, Ivy Green,  
Class of June Nineteen Fifteen,  
From 'neath this Ivied shelter here,  
Stepping forth in a broader sphere,  
"Deeds not Words" our life's en-  
deavor,

"Manual" green in our hearts forever.  
—Owen Tarleton.

Keep it up, Frances, you sure will  
make (one) grand mother-in-law.  
Wow!!!

**For Sale, by Horton Oliver.**

Copies of "How to Speed 'Em Up  
and Win the Relay."

### Class Day

One of the liveliest class days which Manual has ever known, was celebrated by the June '15 Seniors on Wednesday, May 18. The exercises, which were held in the auditorium during the seventh and eighth hours, were opened by a selection by the Senior orchestra, whose merits are well known. Halford Udel and Manley Spouse then sang an original duet, entitled "Weber G. De Vore's Pompadour." This was followed by the reading of the Class History by Owen Tarleton, historian, and a recitation by John Cheney. Richard Stout, class prophet, next entertained the audience by reading the class prophecy, in which he prophesied all sorts of wonderful things to be, for different members of the class. The next number on the program was the recitation of the class poem, by the class poet, Owen Tarleton. The class will, by DeWitt Cromwell, was then read, and next in line of order came a song by David Irwin; declamation, by Carry Jones, and xylophone solo, by Otto Mueller. An interesting feature of the exercises was the presentation of gifts by Gray Travis and Louis Haerle to different members of the class. After several selections by the orchestra, the Seniors ended their exercises by giving the class yells.

—Ruth Jasper.

### As Rare as a Senior Caught Loitering.

Mary Mitchell out of trouble.

Bessie Aeurbach doing anything but talking.

B. Marshall when she wasn't smiling.

Marvin when he didn't have the "Big Head."

Strauder Doran when he wasn't singing.

Billee when she wasn't slamming something about the school.

John Cheney when he had all his lessons.

Lawrence Hill when he didn't look sleepy.

Freshie (to Sidney Aronson): "Do you belong to the Forum?"

"Sid": "No, the Forum belongs to me."



## Ivy Day

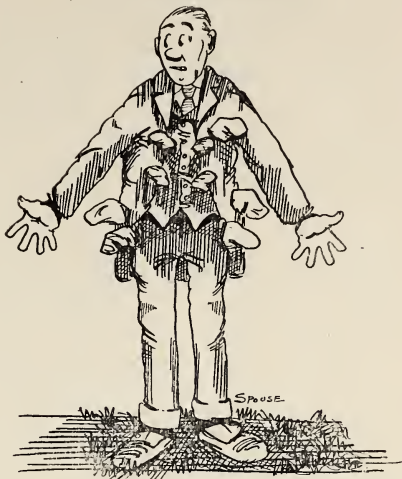
Ivy day was celebrated by the June '15 class on Friday, April 30, the members of the Jan. '16 class and the post-graduates being present. After John Lenahan, of the June class, had planted the ivy vine, the class, led by the officers, marched into the auditorium through the stage entrance, with an orchestra of senior boys furnishing the music. The program opened with the singing, by the senior class, of the Ivy Song, written by Ethel Crawford. President John Lenahan in a short speech in which he compared the class to the growth of the vine, presented the ivy to the school. Mr. Stuart in his acceptance said that the class was following a custom which had come down through history from the early Egyptians, who had dedicated the ivy to certain gods. He spoke of the good the ivy did the school, taking the moisture from the building, supporting it, and beautifying it. He expressed his appreciation, not only of this gift, but of the many other things which he said the class had done and would do for Manual. He told of his expectations for the members of the class, saying that, though his ideals were high, he felt sure that each member could and would reach them and bring honor and fame to Training school.

Margaret Winters then sang a solo, Owen Tarleton gave his ivy poem, and after a song by David Irwin, John Lenahan presented the silver trowel with which he had planted the ivy, to William Ebaugh, president of the Jan. '16 class. In his acceptance Ebaugh promised, in the name of his class, to continue the custom of planting the ivy vine. The June class then sang an "Ode to a Violet," their class flower, and closed the exercises with the school yells, led by Dale Miller. The class left the auditorium with a feeling of sorrow that their high school days would soon end, but with a desire to do greater things for old M. T.

The members feel that they have distinguished their ivy day by being the first class to plant their ivy on the east side of the building, so that they may, as Mr. Stuart said, beautify the back of the building as well as the front.

—Marie Mueller.

## A June Senior



### Last Words of Famous Seniors.

Robert Whipkus: "Hey, boy!"

Sidney S. Aronson: "What's a matter with you Seniors?"

John Lenahan: "All those standing in the outer sections please rise."

Composite Senioress: "Won't you please write in my book?"

Arthur Silcox: "When I flirted with Mary, etc.—"

Davy Irwin: "Anybody gotta a Star?"

Helene E. Sawyer: "I'm just crazy about 'im!"

Horton Oliver: "Gimme."

### What We Have to Thank Our Teachers For.

Mr. Vallance: For allowing us to lunch promptly at the first bell.

Miss Lang: For liberality with red ink on our comps.

Miss Banta: For reminding us that "The bell has rung now, please."

Miss Knox: For quieting the Room 10 infants.

Mr. C. S. Stewart: For reminding us that he is MR. Stewart.

Miss Foy: For her leniency with strollers in Lover's Lane.

Mr. Sizer: For his fashion hints.

Miss Tuttle: For the cakes we steal from her Cooking IV's.

Miss Wheeler: For keeping the "hoi polloi" out of the Booster office.

### Class Will of June, 1915.

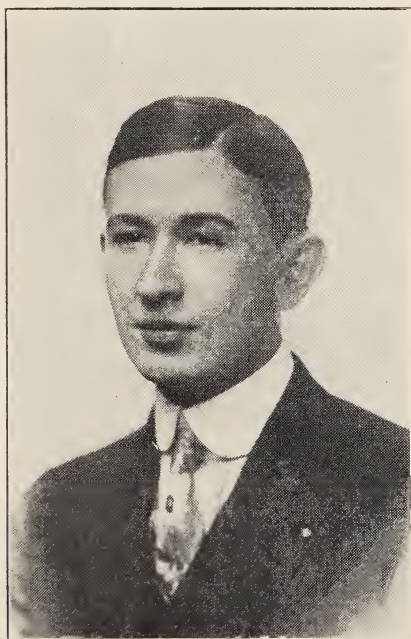
(By DeWitt Cromwell.)

We, the class of June, 1915, upon leaving this sphere, in full possession of sound mind, memory, and understanding, do make, publish, revoke all former wills, and declare this our last will and testament, in the manner following, that is to say:

First, we direct that our just debts and funeral expenses be paid, and that our funeral be inaugurated by our dear friends, well wishers, and the faculty, only hoping that it may be carried out with all the solemnity and pomp our position in school has merited.

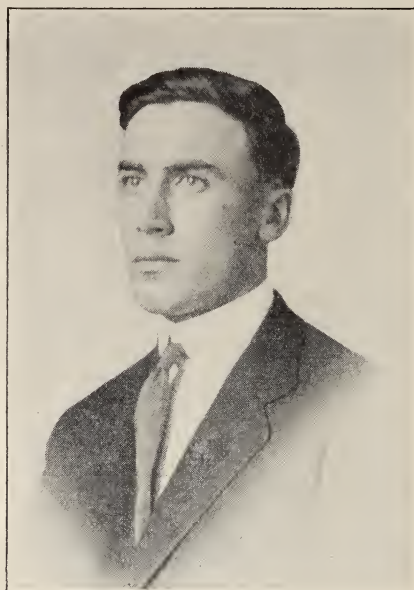
Second, we give and bequeath \$900 for the purpose of placing a system of fans in the auditorium, to be operated by Mr. Stuart's Ford.

Third, we give and bequeath to the best Freshman mechanic, all of our athletic buttons, which he shall assemble into one large curtain to be placed between our lunch rooms and the upper floors while our lunch is being prepared.



Horton Oliver, Treasurer

## OFFICERS OF



John Lenaham. President

Fourth, we give and bequeath to the Indianapolis High School Amalgamated Mutual Alliance, the beautiful landscape which is now passing our stately edifice.

Fifth, we give permission to the Freshmen to organize an involuntary army to prevent Helene E. Sawyer's cat from walking on Mr. Koontz's wireless aerial and being electrocuted.

Sixth, to the underclassmen, we give all the honors and medals that we didn't walk away with at a recent interscholastic track meet.

Seventh, we bequeath \$10,000 for the construction of a subway under and between the rental library and the office, to be used personally by K. Von Ammerman in order to prevent convection currents in the traffic in the hall.

Eighth, we give all our lost caps, handkerchiefs, and hair-ribbons, now located in safe burial grounds in the outer office, to our well-known cleaners, in order that they may keep the windows clean during the next vacation.

## JUNE '15 CLASS



Louise Nessler, Vice-President

Ninth, we bequeath "Doc" Whitaker's imitation of the wind to all of his younger listeners, with the understanding that said wind shall lift him to Mars, where his agile foolishness would be appreciated.

Tenth, we give \$10,000 for a bronze statue of Russel Johnson, having inscribed these words, "A Fitting Example of the Largest Graduating Class in History."

Eleventh, we give and bequeath one more plank to Billee Campbell's suffragette platform, in order that said ship of state will not sink while Billee is on her honeymoon to Europe next summer.

Twelfth, we will one copy of Glenn Ely's new book on "How to Grow a Beautiful Pompadour," to any Freshman applying at the stage entrance.

Fourteenth, we bequeath "B" Marshall's curling iron to Irwin Bass, hoping that he will be able to say good morning with the same ease that Howard Doremus did in the class play.

Fifteenth, we give Weber DeVore's new sleep cure to Mr. Koontz, to administer to Leon Rogers on the morning after the night before.

Sixteenth, for obvious reasons, we will Dick Stout's desire for speed to Mr. Sizer.

Seventeenth, to Miss Caroline Smith, we will one pair of stilts and a marble foot-stool, so that she will be recognized as a member of the faculty.

Eighteenth, we bequeath Edwin O. Instad's ability as an orchestra leader to Heine Moesch, so that he shall be able to carry a tune on a fly swatter.

Nineteenth, we give a permit to Ernst Hergenroether to use the hall as "an old trysting place."

Twentieth, we bequeath Miss Edna Brinkmeyer's filing cabinet, in which she files daily letters from Columbus, Ohio, to the school library, to be used as an example of fine art and literature.

Twenty-first, we bequeath all our left-over lunch checks to the general fund for raising the rostrum about



Bessie Auerbach, Secretary



Miss Hadley's desk, so that she shall be able to reach the telephone without executing a toe-dance.

Twenty-second, we give \$900 for the purpose of purchasing a new pedestal for the auditorium, as the old one has been mutilated by President Lenahan in his earnest efforts to maintain silence in class meetings.

Twenty-third, we will and bequeath \$10,000,000 to Miss Perkins and Miss Knox as part payment of our heartfelt appreciation and gratitude for their untiring and unceasing efforts in helping us in all of our class projects.

Twenty-fourth, as Chelsea Stewart has been and is likely to be here for a long time, we appoint him as executor of this our last will and testament.

In Witness Whereof, we hereunto subscribe our names, this nineteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred fifteen.

JOHN LENAHAH,  
President.  
LOUISE NESSLER,  
Vice-President.  
HORTON OLIVER,  
Treasurer.  
BESSIE AUERBACH,  
Secretary.

#### What They Are Noted For.

Julian Witham: A walking conservatory of flowery expressions.

Marion Slider: Slider-baked bread (better known as hard tack).

Thos. Bemis, Jr.: Ability to avoid the office.

T. Manley Spouse: Those German "pomes."

Helene E. Sawyer: History.

Robert Whipkus: Kat. Stackhouse.

Kat. Stackhouse: Robert Whipkus.

Halford Udell: Ability to go to Wabash.

Edward Constantine Crossen: His name.

Will Carskadon: O, slobbers, don't tell, Frances.

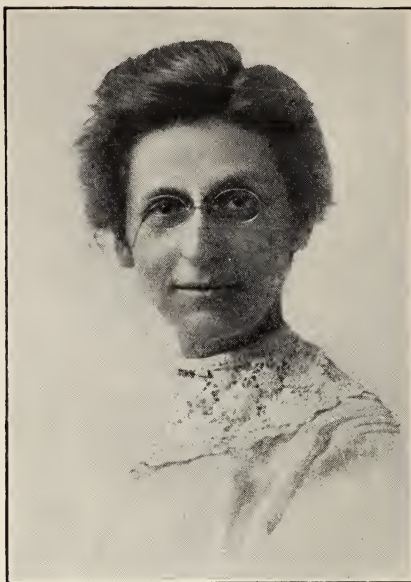
John Lenahan: His German sympathies.

Bessie Auerbach: Teaching Dick Stout the way home.

Dick Stout: Learning the way to Bessie Auerbach's.

Chester Barney: That Boy Scout paraphernalia.

Owen Tarleton: Nothing.



Miss Arda Knox, Class Sponsor

#### Senior Honor Roll

Room 9—Katherine Baunach, DeWitt Cromwell, Walter Davis, Marjorie Fowler, George Friedrichs, James Grubbs, Louis Haerle, Floyd Hartley, Gladys McKinney, Dale Miller, Vera Morgan, Adolph Mueller, Marie Mueller, Helene Sawyer, Mary Schmitt, Albert Strohmeier, Chas. Wagner.

Room 10—Sidney Aronson, William E. Benson, Edna Brinkmeyer, Dorcas Campbell, Wilbur Carter, John R. Cheney, George H. Cornelius, Alice Davis, Howard Doremus, Esther Ferguson, Florence Fullen, Rachel Garst, Marjorie Golay, Marion M. Habich, Edmund Haggard, Ralston M. Hathaway, Wm. Hubert, Ruth Jasper, William N. Karn, Carl Kennan, Victoria Koenig, Allan C. Krause.

Room 12—Opal Cornell, Olga Eberhardt, Mary Healy, Nellie E. Kiser, Lois Newhouse, Bennie Perk, Beulah Plake, Florence Reese, Clara L. Rommel, Rosa Sapine, Leona A. Sourwine, Alvaretta Stoddard, Richard H. Stout, Will Thompson, Gertrude Thoms, Halford C. Udell, Flavius E. Ullrey, Desmond Vawter.





Harris McGuire, President of Forum

### The Forum of 1914-15.

By Julian O. Witham.

One of the most active and interesting societies in connection with the student body of the school this year is the Manual Training High School Forum. Every session has been a busy one, and many of them have been of especial interest. At the beginning of this present year, Senator McGuire introduced a joint resolution in which a former suffrage bill was to be repealed, but the measure failed because of the suffrage sentiment. At a later date, Senator Perk's bill providing for a U. S. Central Bank was passed.

The most engrossing business of the first part of the present year, however, was the trial of Senator Johnson. The attorneys for the prosecution, Senators Beitman and Witham, charged the defendant with malfeasance of office, because he had forged the name of Senator Beitman to a bill. But Senators DeVore and Davis won their case from the jury on a plea of sympathy, and Judge Sydney S. Aronson handed down the verdict in favor

of the defendant. At a later session, Senators Witham and Davis succeeded in passing, by an overwhelming majority, a bill providing for the abolishment of capital punishment. Senator Binzer's bill providing for the teaching of military training in the high schools, and a bill providing for increasing the standing army and navy, were lost because of the sentiment against militarism.

The debate upon a bill providing for all-steel railway coaches led to personalities, which culminated in the famous 'Witham-Davis conspiracy trial. Senator Davis was charged with having been unduly influenced by the U. S. Steel Corporation for the support of the bill. Senator Witham and Senator Perk prosecuted the case and Senator Aronson was counsel for the defendant. Senator Witham's bill creating a U. S. Tariff Commission was passed in spite of violent opposition on the part of a few members representing "big business." A wireless regulation bill was laid on the table because such a measure was regarded as unnecessary at the present time. Senator Clary's prohibition bill was almost lost at the regular session of the Forum on account of various attempts at filibustering, but it was finally passed, almost on the moment of adjournment. Senator Aronson served as president of the body for two of the four terms of office since last fall. Senator Beitman occupied the chair throughout the third term, and Senator R. Harris McGuire is the retiring president.

### A Freshman's Wish.

I wish I wuz a Senior,  
So knowing, smart an' tall,  
An' not a little Freshman,  
A roamin' 'bout the hall.

If I chanced to look at Juniors,  
I'd view 'em all with scorn,  
An' priggish little Soph'mores  
'Ud wish they'd ne'er been born.

I'd stall in all my classes  
Jus' like the Seniors do.  
I wish I wuz a Senior,  
Now, really, don't you, too?

—Naomi McKissick.



### Roines Club.

(By Sidney S. Aronson.)

Among the prominent senior organizations of this year is the Roines Club. Not much has been heard about the club for it is not eager for publicity. The organization consists of forty representative senior boys who have made an average of at least B during their senior year, who have a good office record and who have the good of the school at heart. The boys

with all these assets have created for themselves a noteworthy motto, "Altogether, all the time, for a greater M. T. H. S." And they have stood by it.

One of their accomplishments this year was aiding the freshmen boys. Before the club took up this work, the freshmen boys had many difficulties to overcome without any assistance or encouragement. By the plan of the club, four or five freshmen boys who have received D on their first

card are made the proteges of a Roines boy. The boys ascertained the difficulties of the freshmen and helped them overcome these. Through the aid of the club, many freshmen boys who had left school were persuaded to continue their school work. The result of this affiliation between the Roines boys and the freshmen was that the per cent. of boys who leave school was lowered and that the average grades of freshmen boys was increased.



Roines was not organized, however, for the sole purpose of aiding freshmen. Their purpose is to help when needed, to boost everything that is worthy of boosting, and in this way increase the efficiency of Manual. With this point of view in mind the boys during the last year gave two informal parties in the gym. The parties had the desired effect. People became acquainted. The worry from studies was taken off the pupils' minds and they were better able to resume their studies after the recreation.

Indirectly, also, Roines has another purpose and benefit which is paramount to the others. As the requirements for membership are rather stringent and as it is something of an honor to belong to the club, the underclassmen strive to do better work in order that they may be admitted into the club when they are seniors. Roines is a chain, which draws all boys to that plane of higher grades, higher ideals, and better conduct which all make a greater M. T. H. S. and in the end better, bigger and nobler men.

The officers of the present club are as follows: George A. Davis, president; John Lenahan, vice-president; Russell Johnson, treasurer; Cushman Hoke, secretary; Sidney Aronson, publicity man, and Robert Whipkus, sergeant-at-arms.

### Sung By a June '15 "Flunker."

(Tune—It's a Long Way to Tipperary.)

It's a long stretch 'till January,

It's a long time to wait.

It's a long stretch 'till January.

And it troubles my poor pate!

Goodby, dear old June '15,

Farewell, classmates dear.

It's a long, long stretch 'till January,

But I'll stay right here.

Weber DeVore (looking at watch): "This watch loses a couple of minutes every day, I wonder what's the matter with it?"

It probably takes a couple of minutes off every day to look at Helene's picture in the case.

## A FISH STORY

(By Will Carskadon)

Just the other day, I stepped into a living shop (beanery) to lay in a little stock of internal upholstery, when I met an old side-kick of mine, namely, Jeff Larkin. Now, Jeff an' me hadn't allus been the best of friends, cauz we got interduced in a fight back in a little minin' town some years ago. We ended that fight in about two hours, when we took up the international peace movement, and we have been good friends ever since (mainly because no one knows which is the best man of the two).

When Jeff saw me, he came up with a grizzly hug in each paw, and I believe he would have kissed me right then and there, only I guess he wuz afraid that the sweet girl cashier, who extracts the quarters from you as you go out, would get jealous and want him to kiss her, too. Jeff wuz too wise an old jay to risk any such a scene as that in a perfectly respectable hash-house. So Jeff contented himself with a few slaps and kicks directed to different parts of my anatomy, and told me to come over to his stall and guzzle a few pancakes with him. I couldn't refuse such a friend as Jeff, so I went over to inhale a few of his lies about his experiences. I knew they wuz comin', cauz I hadn't been set down with him five minutes before he sprung a story about a fishin' trip he took about a year ago.

Jeff said he went up here to Musky-lunge Lake for his fishin' spree. Now, he said, there wuz so durned many fish in that lake that there wuz hardly water enough to get in amongst them. And if a feller was feelin' able to take the trip, that you could walk across on their backs. In fact, it just made me sick to think what I had missed by not goin' up there to live long ago.

I let Jeff talk 'till his gasoline commenced to run low, and I saw that he wuz gettin' pale around the gills from exhaustion, before I said anything. And then I sez: "I don't hardly know whether to believe this or jest call it a darned lie, Jeff." And when I said that, old Jeff just reversed and then shifted gears and put her in high and

(Continued on Page 11)



# THE BOOSTER

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OFFICES        ::        ::        ROOM 26

## Au Revoir

When this issue of the Booster reaches the hands of the subscribers, the dust will already be accumulating on the desks of the various editors. Never again will the present editorial board publish an issue of the paper. Six of the editors graduate this June, and the seventh will not be connected with the paper next year. This issue is the farewell number.

During the school year the various editors have endeavored to improve the Booster in every respect. Whether they have succeeded or not can best be answered by the subscribers. At any rate the paper has not lacked variety: A Halloween number, a

Christmas number, an athletic number, a yellow-journalist number, and a senior number. Never before in the history of the paper have so many special numbers been published.

To the many loyal students who have been instrumental in making the Booster a success this year, the paper extends a vote of thanks. As many of these friends will graduate in June, the Booster editors combine in urging those pupils who remain to support the paper again next year. Let the motto of the Roines Club, slightly changed, be that of the Booster supporters in the future: All together, all the time for a greater M. T. H. S. Booster.  
—R. G. B.

## Best Of All.

We've printed many Boosters here,  
Of every color, kind, and size,  
And though we have enjoyed them all  
This Senior one 'bove all we prize.  
We liked the Christmas issue, 'course,  
With all its lively cheer;  
It helped us think of childhood days  
And gave us thoughts so dear.  
And when in basket ball we won  
The pink Booster came out;  
Each nose was hid behind the page  
Of that, there is no doubt.  
The yellow journal, too, we thought  
Was just again' some.  
The jokes and stories made us laugh  
For several weeks to come.  
But best of all these Boosters  
Is this that you now hold,  
And it's good points and merits  
In words cannot be told.  
If you wonder why we praise it  
And boast it to the skies,  
Just look and see who put it out—  
Why, 'twas the Seniors, wise!  
They made it not for them alone  
But for the school and you,  
'Cause they remembered that some  
day  
You'd be a Senior, too;  
They thought it would inspire you  
And let you clearly see  
That a Manual Training Senior  
Is the greatest thing to be.  
So if you get discouraged now  
Just look at this issue  
And 'member that some day you'll be  
A joyful Senior, too.

—Ruth Jasper.

[Continued from page 9]

come at me like a Kansas cyclone. "You don't have to believe it, durn you, but now I'm goin' to pull your old carcass up there and show you if I have to take you on stretchers."

We started the next morning and that afternoon found us at the lake. It wuz only a mud-hole, about a mile square, and deep. The first evening we stayed at the hotel and talked over our plans with a few old gray-headed liars (natives of the place). The plans were: We would advance in single file, silently and stealthily, to the lake shore, where we would embark in one transport (eight feet long) and proceed to unknown waters (heavily armed, of course). Daybreak found our transport in the exact center of population of the lake, where Jeff said he didn't doubt that the fish would knock the bottom out of the boat, trying to come up through the floor. I wuz kinder scared, then, that we didn't have an adequate supply of life belts. However, I was very thankful for the wireless which had recently been installed upon our boat. Well, I baited my hook and, after offering a prayer, in which I asked that the fish which I hooked should not be strong enough to jerk me clear down to the bottom of the lake, cast in. Four hours later, I wuz very glad that I had made that prayer, for it surely was answered to a "T." That is, the fish that I hooked was not strong enough to jerk me into the lake. In fact, I was willing for a good fight with any fish about that time. I said so to Jeff, too.

Jeff had an ingrown grouch that dav. 'cauz when I says, "Look out, Jeffie, or that whale you hooked will knock a plank off the hull," he turned and beaned me with an oar. I dodged his second attempt an' swung my line around 'till it just hooked right into Jeff's coat collar. Then I jumped up real quick to jar the boat and before he could recover his balance, I vanked on my line. Jeff knocked a hole in the lake as big as the entrance to Mammoth cave. I didn't send out no S. O. S., but I warped the cable around the bowsprit and manned the oars. I made a record in towin' Jeff into the boathouse. Of course, I had to do a little reconnoitering about the

harbor before making dock, so as to avoid any possible mine or submarine. However, when I finally did enter the harbor, the whole lakeside population was on hand to welcome me. I heard one old duffer yell: "That's the first fish I've seen taken out o' that lake in twenty year." One fellow had a pair of fish scales on hand to weigh the shark.

However, owing to the high cost of living and the war in Germany, I didn't hesitate any to gather statistics. I simply imitated the "Flying Squadron in Retreat," and started on a bee-line for the tall timber.

Two days later, I made an attempt to return to the hotel, but I saw a man who looked familiar, settin' on the hotel steps, with a shot-gun across his lap. Every little while he would look up towards the graveyard on the hill and sigh real hunry like. A little ways past the hotel, I saw an undertaker's wagon under a tree and the driver sittin' back on the seat asleep. It was a quiet scene. In fact, too durn quiet for yours truly.

#### A Trip to Masoma.

We're off for a trip to Masoma Club,  
At Stinson, many Miles away,  
It's a Newhouse with a Stackhouse,  
They they will Leiss, they say.

And since we feared at Calderwood,  
Our slipping feet would Meyer,  
We took both Buss and little Ford,  
And now we'll never tire.

An Auer-bach we passed the gate,  
Where we had to drop our Tol-in.  
And now we've almost reached the  
lane,  
Where we shall gaily bowl in.

We're at the door; Fleck off the dust,  
And Neal with eye Wright at the  
Locke,  
For Masoma is Fuller of maidens fair  
Than lightning is of Shock.

Do you think if we'd Foster our  
graces,  
They'd open wide the door?  
What good is a peep-hole? We want  
to get in,  
And we want it Moore and Moore.

## HER KID-BROTHER vs. CUPID

By Robert G. Barnhill

Smith's was agog with the usual after-theatre crowd. Here and there I caught glimpses of celebrities: Authors, actors, journalists, poets, and musicians. A veritable sea of happy, animated faces gleamed on every side. The fragrance of Hanavas drifted at times across my nostrils, and the tinkle of ice-filled glasses completely banished all thoughts of the sweltering streets below. Dress-suited waiters, with heaping trays balanced on skillful fingers, scurried along the narrow aisles between rows of wicker tables. A low hum of many voices, now and then accented by a peal of gay laughter, pervaded the room; above all sounded the mellow tunes of the little Hungarian orchestra in the alcove.

I viewed the scene with a rising sense of irritation: I was alone—completely alone in one of the largest cities in the world—New York. Yet, what else could I expect? An absence of ten years from the city of one's birth is certainly a sufficient excuse for the failure of old friends to recognize the returned wanderer. Besides, I had added weight to my one-time slender figure, and also my mustache changed the appearance of my face in no small degree. Then, too, my skin, browned by the sun of Italy, added to my changed appearance. No, I had no just cause for irritation. Friendships are only kept alive by continual companionship.

Ten years, however, had marked no change in Smith's. The alcove, the balcony with its load of palms, the tables, the paintings, and the quaint old clock at the landing of the stairs vouched mutely for that. Then, too, there was that well-remembered, solemn-faced, old head-waiter standing in his accustomed place just outside of the entrance. When I saw his familiar face, I was almost tempted to throw dignity to the winds, and to seize his hand in a good, old-fashioned, American hand-clasp!

I glanced toward the secluded corner where our table had been—the one where we—Helen and I—had had

so many joyous dinners. It was still there in apparently the same spot. Stranger still, it was not occupied, in spite of the fact that the head-waiter had apologetically turned several couples from the door. The sight of that one deserted table amid the gayety of the garden awakened all the memories that had lain dormant through all the past years. The events following that last after-theatre supper flashed into my mind. Prompted into action because Freddie Cole, a former college chum, had lately been paying marked attention to Helen, I had asked her to be my wife. As my eye rested upon the table in the corner, I imagined that I could again hear her low-pitched, hesitant reply:

"Tomorrow I shall send you my answer, a telegram if I honor your offer—your ring if I don't."

I absently fingered the fatal ring that had encircled my finger since that morning ten years ago, and idly wondered whether she and Cole were happy.

A hand fell rudely upon my shoulder.

"You old pirate," bawled a voice, "where have you been all of these years?"

I turned and confronted the subject of my meditation—Freddie Cole.

"I say," continued Cole, "you're looking fine and"—a trifle enviously—"you've made quite a name for yourself. I've read your latest book. It's a dandy."

"Thanks," I said dryly, with a questioning glance at his two feminine companions. Their cheeks were a shade too rosy, and their hair a trifle too wavy.

Cole wrongly interpreted my glance.

"Come and join us," he invited. "We'll talk over old times. The ladies won't mind."

I was about to refuse abruptly, when I suddenly remembered my loneliness. Here was someone with whom I could talk. To be sure, under other circumstances I would have refused, but—I was lonely.



"Sure," I accepted, "I'll be pleased to."

During the next hour I really enjoyed myself. Cole was an excellent story teller, and I soon yielded to the charm of his personality. We fairly lived over the old college days, fought class scraps, and celebrated football victories. The ladies listened in speechless amazement; our talk for the most part was Greek to them. They did not think for an instant that we were impolite. They—but what's the use. You understand; you've been there yourself.

Cole had just finished relating one of his best stories. The ladies were convulsed with laughter, and even the waiter at my elbow, usually solemn-faced, made futile efforts to check his mirth. I myself enjoyed the story immensely. As I glanced about to see if our party was attracting undue attention, my eye suddenly rested upon a face which caused my blood to leap and throb fiercely through my veins. Seated at that familiar table in the corner was Helen. There could be no mistake; I would have known her among a thousand. She was looking intently at our table. Furthermore, I was the object of her gaze. At first I was at a loss how to account for this. Then the solution dawned upon me, and with it vanished the last lingering hope that I had treasured through all the past years. Undoubtedly she was Cole's wife. She had heard of his nightly parties and had followed him. She had—oh, heavens—I suppose that she thought I was responsible for his escapades. That explained her fixed gaze at me. I thought rapidly. There was just a chance that she had not recognized Cole. I would help him out. I savagely kicked Cole's foot as it rested under the table. "Tell the waiter to bring your hat and cane," I ordered. "Then follow me; but whatever you do, don't turn your head."

"What's wrong with you, man?" growled Cole, as he eased his foot.

"Quick!" I commanded. "Do as I tell you. Your wife is here."

For a second, Cole stared open-mouthed at me. Then he struck the table such a blow that the surprised waiter started back, tipped over a



chair, and fell sprawling on the floor.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Cole, startling the whole cafe. "My wife! Ha! ha! ha! That's a good joke."

"Do you mean to tell me that you didn't marry her?" I demanded. For some reason, my heart was thumping most painfully.

"Marry her? Marry who?" asked Cole. Then overcome by laughter, he again roared aloud.

So she hadn't married him after all. Perhaps she hadn't married anyone. As this last thought flashed into my mind, I arose from the table, and without a word to the convulsed Cole, made my way down the narrow aisle. The girl saw me coming, and I fancied that I saw her tremble slightly. I sank down in the chair opposite her. How familiar everything seemed! The secluded corner, the wicker table, the bowl of sweet-smelling roses, the melody that the orchestra was playing, and—Helen.

The girl spoke first; how commonplace her words!

"Ten years have not altered you much, Walter," she said.

"Not much," I repeated, trying to speak naturally, "nor you either."

Then her eyes grew large as they rested upon the ring I was wearing. "Wh-where did you get that?" she gasped. "Tell me how you come to be wearing that ring."

I answered simply: "Because you sent it back. Surely, you remember. Your little brother was the messenger."

"For an instant she gazed wide-eyed at me. Then she suddenly pillowed her head upon her arms.

"It's all a dreadful mistake," came her muffled tones. "I see it all now. Oh, how could he do such a thing?"

"How could who do what?" I asked, a trifle ambiguously.

"My brother," came the answer. "He evidently overheard our conversation that night and thought that it would be a good joke to return the ring to you. He must have taken it when I placed it on the bureau that night."

"Then you sent the telegram?" I asked.

For answer, she drew from the bosom of her dress a time-worn yellow slip. I noticed that the telegram bore the company's stamp of "Unable to Locate Party." The hour of issue was 10 a. m. Then a great light broke upon my mind. I had left for Europe immediately upon the arrival of the ring at 8 o'clock.

I leaned across the table. "Helen," I said, "my mind has not changed in the past years. Shall I call a messenger boy?"

For one instant she hesitated. Then—"Please be so kind," she said, "only make sure that the messenger is not my brother."

### The History of Girls' Athletics at M. T. H. S.

Up until four years ago, the only athletics indulged in by the girls of our school consisted of the work done in the regular gymnasium classes. With the coming of Miss Slifer, now Mrs. C. S. Crary, however, came the organization of an athletic association. This was organized long before the present athletic association and was supported by the girls alone. It had a president, vice-president, and other officers, similar to every other association.

During the first two years of the association, Mary Wynn, of the June '13 class, was president. After her graduation from school, Ella Sattinger, of the January '14 class, was elected president.

The constitution of the association read that any girl was eligible to the association, the membership being 10 cents. This membership entitled the member to participate in all athletics through her Senior year. In other words, once a member always a member.

Under the auspices of the association, different forms of athletics were carried on. During the first and second years of the association, field days were held for the girls at Irwin Field. Although they were laughed at by most of our brothers, they were a success in every way. The events in both meets were the 50-yard dash, high jump, broad jump, throwing a basketball for distance, relay, and, last, but not least, a three-legged race. This rivaled in fun the tugs-of-war in the boys' indoor meets.

It must be said that the basketball carried on in those days was quite different from the games played by the girls today. The refereeing was done according to girls' rules, such as are used in most colleges for the girls. Six members constituted a team, each team using a second center. The girls were not allowed an open field, and the games were often rather slow, the girls fighting away cheerfully for half an hour and ending with such enormous scores as 3-1 or 5-3. In fact, the games were what boys really expect girls' games to be. With the coming of Miss Smith, present physical director, came the organization of minor games to teach the inexperienced and increase interest in the games. At the present time, the girls still use girls' rules, but are allowed an open field. Consequently, the game played now is much more interesting, both to onlookers and players. The girls get a chance at real hair pulling.

Besides basketball teams, a walking club was organized. This organization was started in the fall of 1910, and is still in the field, although few hikes have been taken on account of the uncertainty of the weather. The

girls usually started out early on Saturday morning and hiked to a small town near Indianapolis. As no one was fond of carrying bundles, the club usually trusted to finding a medium-sized grocery that would satisfy their wants when dinner time came along. During the fall hikes, the girls often brought marshmallows along and had marshmallow toasts on some hill by the roads. The walking club offered as much, if not more, fun than any other branch of the association.

In the fall of 1912 came the first girls' tennis tournament in the history of M. T. H. S. It was organized and successfully carried through by the girls alone. A silver medal was offered by Mr. Chas. Dyer, a former graduate and a true friend of this school, for the single championship. This medal was captured by Caroline Huduck, of the Jan. '13 class. She and Florence Scully received rackets for the doubles, and Louise Altvater and Ada Fechtmann were awarded rackets as runners-up in the doubles. The four rackets were offered by Mr. Mayer, Mr. Habich, Mr. Westing, and Mr. Deutch.

The next year, however, when the M. T. A. A. was launched, the girls' association was dropped and all hands were turned to push this worthy school project. It was then announced that in order to participate in tennis, basketball, or any forms of athletics, the girls must be members of the M. T. A. A.

Under this organization, a second tennis tournament was held. The rounds were played off at Brookside Park at the same time of the boys' tournament. Susan Flick, Jan. '15, was champion and Catherine Kiefer, runner-up. Both girls received rackets offered by G. H. Westing.

The greatest triumph in girls' athletics came this winter, when the girls received monograms. For two years they had been trying to get them, but it was not until this year that they succeeded. The official monogram, designed by Miss West, of the art department, is a small M. T. made of red felt. At present, only five girls in the school have the coveted M. T.'s. These five are Mabel McHugh, Dorothy Simering, Norma Thoms, Julia

Weghorst, and Addie Wright. As the monograms are to be given for tennis, as well as basketball, more will soon make their appearance. This is the only award given the girls besides the Gym III monograms, which are not recognized by most members of the school as having any special meaning. Any girl who takes an extra term of gym work, and receives no credit for it, is entitled to wear the Gym III monogram. It consists of a shield of white with the letters G. Y. M. at the bottom and, at the top, three bars indicating the grade. These monograms were designed about three years ago by Estelle Richenbauch and Miss West.

The M. T.'s are the greatest and last boost to the girls, and if their athletics are supported in the future as well as they have been since their beginning, they will soon be on a firm foundation and will be a great source of pleasure.

—Mabel McHugh.



Kathryn Kiefer. At the time this issue goes to press Miss Kiefer is doped to win the meet



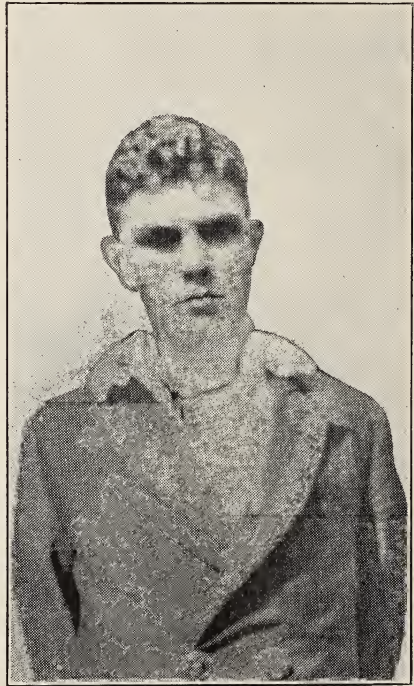


"Pride and Prejudice," the play given by the June '15 class, May 12 and 13, met the approval and hearty applause of all who saw either performance. The play, dramatized by Mrs. Steele Mackaye from Jane Austin's story, was the most elaborate ever staged by a Manual class.

The players put forth every effort to make the production a success. Katherine Stackhouse played perfectly the part of the pretty Elizabeth Bennett, whose sweetness yet archness of manner finally won the wealthy Mr. Darcy. Robert Whipkus made an excellent Mr. Darcy, tall, dark, proud, at times contemptibly so, contrasting greatly with his kind, cordial friend, Mr. Bingley, whom Kenneth Fisk impersonated so well. Then there were Elizabeth Bennett's two sisters, Jane (Florence Fuller), so sweet and cheerful, and Lydia (Victoria Koenig), the rather flighty younger sister. Hardly too much can be said in praise of Frances Weber, who acted so well the

## THE CLASS PLAY

part of Mrs. Bennett, the mother, anxious to see her daughters married. Much of the humor in the play was furnished by Mrs. Bennett and her frequent complaints about her "poor nerves." Will Carskadon played well as Mr. Bennett, and Mary Mitchell was good as Charlotte Lucas, Elizabeth's best friend. Halford Udell, as Charlotte's husband, made an unusually ministerial Mr. Collins, with his formal manners and odd mixture of self-importance and humility. The parts of Charlotte's father and mother, Sir William Lucas and Lady Lucas, were well taken by Harris McGuire and Rachel Garst. Howard Doremus, as Mr. Wickam, Bertha Hirshovitz, as the haughty Lady Katherine de Bourgh, Gladys McKelvery, as the jealous Miss Bingley, and Glenn Eley, as Colonel Fitzwilliams, Mr. Darcy's cousin, all did well in their parts. So did the minor characters, including



those in the dancing scene, the maids, butler, and footman.

Altogether the play was very pleasing, ending just as one would wish. Mrs. Bennett was made happy by the marriage of Lydia to Mr. Wickam, of Jane to the wealthy Mr. Bingley, and of Elizabeth to the proud Mr. Darcy, the barrier of pride on Darcy's part and of prejudice on Elizabeth's having been broken.

Besides those who made the play successful by their excellent acting, the following deserve as much praise and as many thanks: Miss Lola I. Perkins, coach; Miss Knox, director; and those on the committees for stage management, stage setting, property, programs, costuming, and advertising. The Senior orchestra also deserves credit for entertaining the audience so effectively between acts.

—Marie Mueller.

#### To the Girls of June '15.

I wandered through old Manual's halls,

To see what I could see,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
That proved some giggling girls to be.

Beside the door and in the hall—  
They seemed to have no cause 't all;  
They gossiped, chattered, laughed and talked,

Or five abreast, through the passage walked.

All dressed in frills not few,  
And powdered up, and painted, too,  
They decorated "Senior Row,"  
Looking like actors from a show.

Hunt where you will, no more you'll find,

The girl of shy, retiring kind—  
She sets our brains in a mighty whirl,  
The modern Senior High School girl.

#### "Poor Bee."

There is a young lady named Bee,  
And she is quite classy, you see.

Now, this is a fact:

She disliked the last act;  
In fact, it put her quite at sea.

The cause of dislike is quite clear,  
As I will tell you right here.

She sure did get dizzy,  
When "Bobby" kissed Lizzie,  
But she's all right now, isn't that queer? —Helene E. Sawyer.

#### The Class Play.

(With due apologies to James Whitcomb Riley.

You kin talk about yer class play and  
yer good old practice time,  
And brag about yer aptness, and yer  
laurel wreathes sublime,  
And lanquets, and flowers, and every-  
thing that's free—  
But sellin' class play tickets is good  
enough fer me.

You might as well a' stopped in the  
middle of the play,  
'Cause every one of us knew what the  
heroine would say,  
When the hero popped the question,  
"Whose wife will you be?"  
But sellin' class play tickets is good  
enough fer me.

You could talk with forced expres-  
sion, and laugh, and make yer  
faces,  
And run around behind the scenes to  
find yourself the places  
Where the "props" had hid the grape  
juice or the girls had made  
their tea,  
But sellin' class play tickets is sweet  
enough fer me.

Did you hear that big rube orchestree  
a bangin' away fer us?  
Well (if you wuz talkin' to your girl),  
they made quite a fuss,  
Sometimes it's what ye hear and not  
always what ye see—  
But sellin' class play tickets is loud  
enough fer me.

There hain't no "Pride" in our class  
play without the "Prejudice,"  
too,  
And there hain't no Prejudice nuther,  
caus it was up to the hero to  
woo  
That one beautiful maiden, for whom  
there were suitors three—  
But sellin' class play tickets is good  
enough fer me.

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## MASOMA CLUB

By Ruth Stinson



Masoma is an organization of upperclass girls whose purpose it is to make the girls in the school happier, better students, and more valuable members of the student body. To make girls happier and better students it is necessary to begin helping them as soon as they enter high school. That is why the girls of the Masoma organization give so much of their efforts to the freshmen girls. They believe that a successful beginning insures a successful high school career.

In order to bring about the happiest results among the incoming girls, the work is most carefully planned. To each of the fifty members of the Masoma is given two or three freshmen girls for whom she is sponsor and for whom she feels special interest and responsibility. These sponsors become acquainted with their own girls, learn their special difficulties, if they have any, and help them to become adjust-

ed to their new surroundings. The freshmen girls seem very appreciative of the help of the upperclassmen and many are held in school who might otherwise drop out because of loneliness and the strangeness of their new environment. One of the things that the sponsors are doing for their girls is to encourage their grade work. The upperclass girls find out the difficulties and by a little outside coaching, help the younger girls to overcome the trouble. The girls also try to induce any freshman who leaves school to return, by going to her home and explaining the reasons why the girl should not leave school.

The first day at school is one of the most important in the work of the Masoma girls. On that day four or five girls act as assistants to the teacher of each freshman session room. On this first day the Masoma girl begins to win the confidence of the freshmen. Not only on the first day of school are the Masoma girls interested in the freshmen rooms, but during the whole year two or three girls who are willing to give up their own companions and associations remain in freshman session rooms. In this way the upperclass girls keep in close touch with the freshmen.

The upperclass girls and the sponsors of the girls in these rooms plan the freshman parties. At these parties the upperclass girls, the freshmen, and their teachers become better acquainted one with the other in a social way. All this may sound very serious and earnest, but Masoma girls know how to have good times as well as work. There are meetings on alternate Mondays in the rest room, when a program is prepared by the program committee, and a social hour is thoroughly enjoyed by all. During the Christmas and Easter holidays "real" parties are given at the homes of some of the members and the year's activities close with a picnic at one of the city's parks.

Through this organization, strength of character is developed in both the Masoma girl and the freshman. The freshmen are already looking forward to the time when they may join the Masoma organization and pass on to others some of the help they have re-



ceived. Because of the opportunities they have had, the girls who continue the work of the organization should be better fitted for their work than those who are now Masomas.

### Athletic Stars Graduate

While Manual in former years has lost some graduates by graduation, it seems that this year she will lose almost all of her star athletes this commencement time. Of course, when the old stars leave school, younger ones will fill their shoes, and they in turn will be succeeded by new stars. Next year Manual will have a basketball five, a baseball league, an interclass meet, a tennis tournament, and a state track team, but much new material must turn out to form strong teams that will class with the best in the state. The graduation of such all-round athletes as Edgar Moyer, George Cornelius, Robert Whipkus, Robert Bastian, William Thompson, William Kegley, Roy Finley, Charles Trefz, and others too numerous to mention, will necessitate the development of new stars in all branches of athletics. Of course, some of these vacancies can be filled by such undergraduate stars as "Herb" Behrent, Harold Bartholomew, Russell Larkin, "Ernie" Richman, Stanley Le Feber, "Buddy" Gass, and Fred Bastian, but many new stars must be developed. Although never before has Manual lost so many athletes by graduation, still, with the co-operation of the student body, the year of 1916 should bring new laurels to Manual Training High School—our Alma Mater.

—H. O.

### Basketball Season 1914-15.

By Horton Oliver.

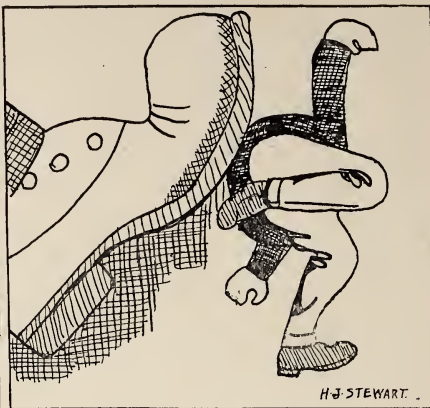
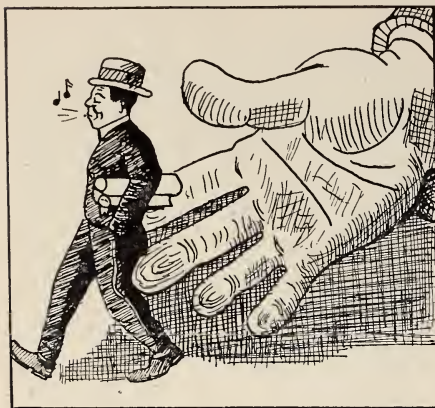
At the start of the basketball season last term, prospects for a championship five looked none too good, but as the season progressed and the playing grew faster, the Manual fans grew more optimistic. Herbert Bartholomew, a prominent member of the June class, was elected captain of the team, and this proved a wise selection, as no player on the team played harder to win than "Herb" did. He kept the players full of fighting spirit

and confidence that only Thorntown, the best team in the state, could shake. "Herb" played for the good of the team and he did not seek any personal glory out of any game played. Another reason Manual turned out such a fast team, was the work of "Bob" Whipkus at the center position. For the last few years, Manual fives have been weak at the pivot position, but Whipkus more than filled up the hole. It may be said without exception that Whipkus is one of the best centers ever graduated from Training School. It is a great thing for a student to enter a school the size of Manual, in his Senior year, and make such a showing, not only in athletics, but in a scholastic way. "Bob" has made lots of friends, and they will always remember him by his sterling basket-shooting in the game with Shelbyville at Franklin, which made Manual Training champions of her district, and gave her the right to contest in the finals of the state tournament at Bloomington.

Although the other three players on the team, Stanley La Feber, Ernest Richman, and Herbert Behrent, were underclassmen, they all played the best ball of their careers. La Feber, especially, played one of the grittiest games anyone could expect to witness. Just before the Shelbyville game, Coach Schissel applied a beefsteak to La Feber's eye to take out some of the swelling. With one eye closed and the other black and blue, Stanley broke up play after play, which completely demoralized the team-work of the Shelbyville five. Richman used all his speed to an advantage of working the ball up the floor. Besides helping La Feber on the defensive play, "Ernie" scored a number of points. "Dutch" Behrent was instrumental in landing the district championship by his accurate goal shooting, but a "charley horse" handicapped him in the finals.

When the team left for Franklin, the most enthusiastic fans hardly predicted they would win the championship. After the first victory, their chances seemed brighter, but the close shave in the New Bethel game sent their chances down. The majority of dopesters who saw Southport defeat

## TWO WAYS TO LEAVE SCHOOL



H. J. STEWART.

Shortridge by a large score, predicted that Manual would lose to the fast Southport five. The dope bucket was given a severe jolt when Manual triumphed in an uninteresting game. Still the dopesters couldn't see the Manual five for the championship, as Markely, of Shelbyville, was considered to be unbeatable. Everybody, including the loyal Manual rooters, received a splendid surprise when "Bob" Whipkus, with the aid of the team, defeated Shelbyville by an overwhelming score. Every time Bob shot for a field goal—presto—two points. He tossed baskets from any position on the floor with miraculous regularity.

When the team left for Bloomington, accompanied by a small band of rooters, everybody knew that the team would make a good showing. After the victory over East Chicago, the Manual hopes went higher and higher as the team had drawn a bye into the semi-finals. Although Manual was defeated by the Thorntown five, it was a well-known fact that the Red and White was the only team to outplay Thorntown in any part of a game.

Manual outplayed Thorntown the first half, but repeated fouling lost the game. While the Manual five had many handicaps during the year, it finally gained the distinction of being the third best team in the state of Indiana. So ended one of the most successful basketball seasons this school has ever known.

## The Shadow of Thyself.

When I strolled along the towpath,  
As the sun was sinking low,  
I wondered what might be hidden  
In the murky depths below.

Might it be the bones of an eagle?  
Or the shell of a human form?  
Or the lurking mass of a hideous fish?  
Or an evil being firm?

I start. I shake. I tremble.  
My nerves are set ajar.  
For what has this mystic figure  
Taken up his abode down there?

Here comes a stranger now.  
I will ask his opinion upon  
The meaning of this horrid thing  
Asleep in the slumbering pond.

The old man stops and listens  
To my piteous wail of fear,  
And turneth now his searching gaze  
Into the water there.

"Friend, what is this that ails thee?  
I think thou art asleep.  
The hideous monster you see below  
Doth to your own lines keep."

So thus it is, too often, that  
In the murky streams we see,  
'Tis only our own reflections  
From which we are wont to flee.

—Julian Witham.

Miss Iske: "Frederick, give the principal parts of occids."

F. Siegrist, wise boy(?): "O-kiddo, o-kidd-her(e), o-kiss-us."





Gone ferever frum ol' Manual!  
Not a trace of 'em remains,  
'Ceptin' tardy-slips an' records  
An' initials an' ink stains;  
None 'r struttin' down the hallway  
Er a standin' on the lawn—  
There is no 'ne here tu mock us,  
Yet—we're sorry that they're gone.

When we stroll along the highway,  
Feelin' safe frum them 'er pests—  
'Cause we know there's none a lurkin'  
There tu spring their jokes an' jests—  
We're relieved—yet there's a feelin'  
Naggin' like so sharp an' keen  
That we jest can't help admittin'  
That we miss Class June Fifteen,

—R. G. B.